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## VOCES POPULI.

### IN THE MALL ON DRAWING-ROOM DAY.

*The line of carriages bound for Buckingham Palace is moving by slow stages down the Drive. A curious but not uncritical crowd, consisting largely of females, peer into the carriages as they pass, and derive an occult pleasure from a glimpse of a satin train and a bouquet. Other spectators circulate behind them, roving from carriage to carriage, straining and staring in at the occupants with the childlike interest of South Sea Islanders. The coachmen and footmen gaze impassively before them, ignoring the crowd to the best of their ability. The ladies in the carriages bear the ordeal of popular inspection with either haughty resignation, elaborate unconsciousness, or amused tolerance, and it is difficult to say which demeanour provokes the greatest resentment in the democratic breast.*

*Chorus of Female Spectators.* We shall see better here than what we did last Droring-Room. Law, 'ow it *did* come down, too, pouring the 'ole day. I was that sorry for the poor 'orses! . . . Oh, that one *was* nice, MARIRE! Did you see 'er train?—all flame-coloured satting—*lovely!* Ain't them flowers beautiful? Oh, LIZA, *'ere's* a pore skinny-lookin' thing coming next—look at 'er pore dear arms, all bare! But dressed 'andsome enough . . . That's a Gineral in there, see? He's 'olding his cocked 'at on his knee to save the feathers—him and her have been 'aving words, apparently . . . Oh, I *do* like this one. I s'pose that's her Mother with her—well, yes, o' course it *may* be her Aunt?

*A Sardonic Loafer.* 'Ullo, 'ere's a 'aughty one! layin' back and puttin' up 'er glorses! Know us agen, Mum, won't you? You may well look—you ain't seen so much in yer ole life as what you're seein' to-day, *I'll* lay! Ah, you ought to feel honoured, too, all of us comin' out to look at yer. Drored 'er blind down, this one 'as, yer see—knew she wasn't wuth looking at!

[*A carriage passes; the footman on the box is adorned by an enormous nosegay, over which he can just see.*

*First Comic Cockney.* Ow, I s'y—you *'ave* come out in bloom, JOHNNY!

*Second C.C.* Ah, they've bin forcin' *'im* under glorse, they'ave! 'Is Missis 'll never find 'im under all them flowers. Ow, 'e smoiled at me through the brornches!

[*Another carriage passes, the coachman and footmen of which are undecorated.*

*First C. C.* Shime!—they might ha' stood yer a penny bunch o' voilets between yer, that they might!

*The Sardonic L.* 'Ere's a swell turn-out and no mistake—with a couple o' bloomin' beadles standin' be'ind! There's a full-fed 'un inside of it too,—look at the dimonds all over 'er bloomin' old nut. *My* eye! (*The elderly dowager inside produces a cut-glass scent-bottle of goodly size.*) Ah, she's got a drop o' the right sort in there—see her sniffin at it—it won't take 'er long to mop up that little lot!

*Jeames* (*behind the carriage, to* CHAWLES). Our old geeser's perdoocin' the custimary amount o' sensation, eh, CHAWLEY?

*Chawles* (*under notice*). Well, thank 'Eving, I shan't have to share the responsibility of her *much* longer!

*'Arriet* (*to* ARRY). I wonder they don't get tired o' being stared at like they are.

*'Arry.* Bless your 'art—*they* don't mind—they *like* it. They'll go 'ome and s'y (*in falsetto*) "Ow, Pa, all the bloomin' crowd kep' on a lookin' at us through the winder—it *was* proime!"

*'Arriet* (*giggling admiringly*). 'Ow do *you* know the w'y they tork?

*'Arry* (*superior*). Why, they don't tork partickler different from what you and me tork—do they?

*First Mechanic.* See all them old blokes in red with the rum 'ats, BILL? They're Beefeaters goin' to the Pallis, they are.

*Second M.* What do they do when they git there?

*First M.* Do? oh, mind the bloomin' stair-case, and chuck out them as don't beyave themselves.

*A Restless Lady* (*to her husband*). HARRY, I don't like this place at all. I'm sure we could see better somewhere else. Do let's try and squeeze in somewhere lower down . . . No, this is worse—that *horrid* tobacco! Suppose we cross over to the Palace? [*They do so.*

*A Policeman.* Too late to cross now, Sir—go back please.

[*They go back and take up a position in front of the crowd on the curbstone.*

*The R. L.* There, we shall see beautifully here, HARRY.

*A Crusty Matron* (*talking at the* R. L. *and her husband.*) Well, I'm sure, some persons have got a cheek, coming in at the last minnit and standing in front of those that have stood here hours—that's ladylike, I *don't* think! Nor yet, I didn't come here to have my eye poked out by other parties' pairosols.

[*Continues in this strain until the* R. L. *can stand it no longer, and urges her husband to depart.*

*Chorus of Policemen.* Pass along there, please, one way *or* the other—keep moving there, Sir.

*The R. L.* But where are we to *go*—we must stand *somewhere?*

*A Policeman.* Can't stand anywhere 'ere, Mum.

[*The unhappy couple are passed on from point to point, until they are finally hemmed in at a spot from which it is impossible to see anything whatever.*

*Harry.* If you had only been content to stay where you were at first, we should have been all right!

*The R. L.* Nonsense, it is all your fault, you *are* the most hopeless person to go anywhere with. Why didn't you tell one of those policemen *who we were?*

*Harry.* Why? Well, because I didn't see one who looked as if it would interest him, if you want to know.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

THE ROYAL CARRIAGES ARE APPROACHING.

*Chorus of Loyal Ladies of Various Ages.* There—they're clearing the way—the Prince and Princess won't be long now. Here's the Life Guards' Band—don't they look byootiful in those dresses? Won't that poor drummer's arms ache to-morrow? This is the escort coming now . . . 'Ere come the Royalties. Don't push so, POLLY, you can see without that! . . . There, that was the Prince in the first one—did yer see him, POLLY? Oh, yes, leastwise I see the end of a cocked 'at, which I took to be 'im. Yes, *that* was 'im right enough . . . There goes the Princess—*wasn't* she looking nice? I couldn't exactly make out which was her and which was the two young Princesses, they went by all in a flash like, but they *did* look nice! . . . 'Ere's another Royalty in this kerridge—'co will she be, I wonder? Oh, I expect it would be the old Duchess of—— No, I don't think it was *'er*,—she wasn't looking pleasant enough,—and she's dead, too . . . Now they have got inside—'ark at them playing bits of "*God Save the Queen.*" Well, I'm glad I've seen it.

*A Son* (*to cheery old Lady*). 'Ow are you gettin' on, Mother, eh?

*Ch. O. L.* First-rate, thankee, JOHN, my boy.

*Son.* You ain't tired standing about so long?

*Ch. O. L.* Lor' bless you, no. Don't you worry about *me.*

*Son.* Could you see 'em from where you was?

*Ch. O. L.* I could see all the coachmen's 'ats beautiful. We'll wait and see 'em all come out, JOHN, won't we? They won't be more than an hour and a half in there, I dessay.

*A Person with a Florid Vocabulary.* Well, if I'd ha' known all I was goin' to see was a set o' blanky nobs shut up in their blank-dash kerridges, blank my blanky eyes if I'd ha' stirred a blanky foot, s'elp me Dash, I wouldn't!

*A Vendor* (*persuasively*). The kerrect longwidge of hevery flower that blows—one penny!

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"ALLOWED TO STARVE."—*Mr. Punch* begs to acknowledge contribution from "PAISLEY" to "The Light Brigade Fund," which has been forwarded to the Editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, who has charge of this Fund.

## THE AUTOCRAT.

"Here is my last request and legacy! After we are executed, and while the impression of this epilogue of all these horrors is still fresh in the minds of the people, do your utmost to make this new example of the unparalleled cruelty of Russian despotism known to the whole world . . . This is a great task well worth accomplishing; and if you succeed, the losses we suffered in that terrible butchery will be redeemed."—*From the last letter, written just before his execution, of Nicholas Zotoff, one of the victims of the Yakoutsk massacre.*

LET it be known! Poor soul, of unshaken trust,
So done to death in the gloom of the Kara waste,
'Midst a myriad nameless victims of fear and lust,
Your cry comes, borne on the chainless winds that haste

In shuddering flight away from that frozen hell,
That pestilent prison for all things free and fair,
Where the raven's croak is the patriot's only knell
On the tainted air.

Let it be known! Aye! the cruel secret crawls,
Despite the vigilant watch of tyranny's hounds,
From the scaffold's screen, from the kamera's sombre walls;
Away, as you wished, o'er enfranchised lands it sounds,
And shocks the gentle, and stirs the blood of the strong;
But he, the Autocrat, sits, with a shaken mind,
And a palsied heart; to the tale of horror and wrong
He 's deaf and blind!

Pale ladies lashed, at the word of a drunken brute, ["plet!"
To the death they welcome e'en from the torturing
And his eyes are blind, and his trembling lips are mute,
Whilst the eyes of a world of shuddering men are wet.
Chained gangs of patriot captives stabbed or shot
At the seared caprice of a bully, craven-souled!
And the Autocrat, whilst all hearts with shame wax hot,
Sits still and cold!

Ust-Kara 's far, and the hasty scaffold reared
In the grey of the early morning bore—a fool,
Who had not learned that Law must be blindly feared,
Though sent to the stern Siberian wastes to school.
The unconvicted exile who dares to lift
A voice, a hand, is a proven "Terrorist,"
And if, in Yakoutsk, he is given a shortish shrift,
Need the White TZAR list?

The White TZAR sits on his gorgeous seat, alone;
Blindfold and deaf, in his realm the veriest slave,
Though the seat he fills is the rack men call a Throne,
And the TZAR is a stalwart Titan, strong and brave.
Strong—yet helpless as yon slain woman's hand;
Brave—but shaken through with a haunting Fear.
Of all his myrmidons' devilries done in the land
The last to hear!

Let it be known! Poor ZOTOFF's legacy wakes
A living echo in every ear humane.
E'en the Autocrat in his lonely splendour quakes
At the vague vast sounds of menace no bonds restrain.
But there, in the heart of horrors, he sits and sighs,
Blindfold *Injustice* bound to a joyless throne;
Whilst far the voice of his fallen victim flies—
"*Let it be known!*"

## A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

"NOW WHAT ARE THE PECULIAR DISTINCTIONS OF THE QUAKERS? FOR INSTANCE, HOW DO THEY SPEAK DIFFERENTLY FROM YOU AND ME?"
"PLEASE, SIR, THEY DON'T SWEAR!"

## MR. PUNCH'S DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

### SOCIAL.

"*Just want five minutes' chat with you;*" *i.e.*, "He 'll give me a cigar and something to drink, and as I've nothing to do for half an hour, this will occupy me pleasantly."

"*Yes; I quite understand;*" *i.e.*, "I don't know what he is talking about, but he 's a bore."

"*Wouldn't tell it to anyone but you;*" *i.e.*, "This will ensure its circulation."

### PLATFORMULARS.

"*As the Laureate well puts it, in lines that will live for ever;*" *i.e.*, "I'm perfectly dead certain I've forgotten the third line of the verse."

"*The clock warns me that I am trespassing too long on your patience;*" *i.e.*, "Haven't said half of what I meant to say. Why the dickens don't they say, 'Go on!'"

### FRIENDLY COMMENTS ON CHARACTER AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

"*She is the most domesticated darling imaginable;*" *i.e.*, "A dull, sock-darning dowdy."

"*Quite a beauty-man, and nice—to those who like that sort of thing;*" *i.e.*, "An awfully handsome fellow, who won't worship *me*."

"*Grim rather at first, but grows upon one wonderfully;*" *i.e.*, "He is softening a little beneath my blandishments."

### RAILROAD AMENITIES.

"*Would you like the window up;*" *i.e.*, "Hope to goodness she won't, for her patchouli is simply suffocating."

"*If you feel inclined for a snack, don't mind me;*" "The scent of sherry and sandwiches in a close carriage is simply sickening."

### PREPARING FOR PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

"*I defer to your superior knowledge of stage-effect;*" *i.e.*, "Stuck-up know-all! I could play his head off!"

"*Well, I fear it's a little out of my line; still if I can do anything to help you, I shall be delighted;*" *i.e.*, "What I've longed for for years. *Now* I shall have a chance of showing what's in me!"

"*Bravo, Buffins, dear boy! That little bit of business was really first-rate;*" *i.e.*, "If he plays like *that* I shall shine, if only by contrast."

## QUITE A LITTLE BANC(ROFT) HOLIDAY!

MRS. BANCROFT'S "Little Play" is very good work. It is called *The Riverside;* it drew a big *Matinée* house at the Haymarket last Thursday, and drew big tears. The ladies did enjoy themselves! They were in full cry all the time. Capitally acted. It is rumoured that the gifted authoress, manageress, and actress (all in one), is going to take a company up the river in a House-boat fitted as a Theatre. It is to be called *The Thespis*, and will visit all the principal places on the river during the Season, and ought to do uncommonly well. The idea is novel. The Company will be called "The Bancroft Water-Babies." *A propos* of the Busy B.'s, we are authorised to contradict the report that, in consequence of his great success as an arbitrator, Mr. BANCROFT is to be made a Deputy-Assistant County Court Judge. This is not so.

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THE FIRST ROZE OF SUMMER.—Our Chirruping Critic off the hearth went to Madame MARIE ROZE's Concert the other day—advertised as "Grand Morning Concert"—well, it was a "Grand Morning" for the time of year—but why was the Concert "Grand?"—and was delighted. The Chirruper heartily welcomed Miss GRACE DAMIAN—more graceful than ever—she sang grandly—of course everyone did on this "grand" occasion—and he nearly split a pair of gloves applauding Mr. LEO STERN in his Grand Violoncello act, for which he was recalled three times, till he was quite tired of bowing and "boo'ing." But the Chirruper would not have it otherwise, "Touch not a single bow," as the song says. And then the flowers! five bouquets for Madame MARIE ROZE. "The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la!" as the late firm of GILBERT AND SULLIVAN used to sing and play. *A propos* of Mr. GILBERT, his *protégée*, Miss NEILSON, whom he was the first to bring out in Brantingham Hall, St. James's, S.W., gave a recitation which made a decided hit; and then she sang a song—accomplished young lady is Miss JULIA—which made another hit. The Chirruper wishes to record that—to a quartette "specially arranged for the Meister Glee Singers, called *Dinah Doe*, and excellently sung, no names were given of either the Shakespearian Librettist, or the Composer, J. L. MOLLOY, who wrote it for the GERMAN REEDS many years ago. It 's as fresh as ever, and at this grand concert came out grandly. The Steinway piano was of course a grand.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, May* 19.—OLD MORALITY in new and charming mood to-night; turned over a fresh leaf in his copy-book; entered upon the chapter headed "Banter;" not only enjoyed himself, but was cause of enjoyment in others. ESSLEMONT began it; doled out, as if it were ounce of tea or yard and quarter of calico, ponderous joke about having no Holiday at Whitsuntide, and adding three days to Recess at end of Session.

"Such badinage! such persiflage!"

"I will take a note of the Hon. Member's recommendation," said OLD MORALITY.

Nobody laughs when I tell this; yet, I remember, House roared whilst OLD MORALITY, resuming seat, sat with pursed-up lips and furrowed brow, fearful lest he should spoil situation by smiling. Must have told the joke wrong; look up Parliamentary Reports. No, there it is, the very words; also his retort to TIM HEALY; his turning the flank of HARCOURT; his triumphant knocking over of TIM, when, after brief pause, he came up again.

"Such badinage!" said CHARLES WILSON, "such persiflage!"

So it seemed at time. Everyone roared with delight.

"Quite in DIZZY's style," said the admiring STANHOPE.

"Only better," added the ecstatic GEORGY HAMILTON.

Thought so too at the time; but when I come to write down the jokes, the fun has gone, the flavour escaped, the bloom shed. Wonder what it was we all laughed at?

"You do your best," said the Member for Sark, always ready with kindly remark, "but you can't bring OLD MORALITY and all he is to us on your written page. His voice, his looks, his way of getting up and of sitting down, his throwing back his head and thrusting forward his chin as he mouths his apophthegm, his nervous glance round the House, his assumption of a stern official aspect, breaking presently into a smile when the House laughs; his apologetic way of sitting on the edge of the seat when he has snubbed HARCOURT; all his goodness, his littleness, his honest intention, and his occasional lapses into crooked paths; his 'Certainly, Sir,' when the thing is quite otherwise, his blush when he discovers himself dealing with facts in a Pickwickian sense, his constitutional modesty, and his spasmodic aggressiveness, the look in his eye as of a wounded hare when COURTNEY refuses to put the Closure he has moved,—all these are things, little in themselves, momentary in their passage, which you, dear TOBY, can no more transfer to your folios than you can illuminate them with the glow of sunset, or perfume them with the scent of country lanes in this sweet spring-time. OLD MORALITY belongs to us. He is a peculiar growth of the House of Commons, unique, unprecedented, unapproachable, never fully to be understanded of, or appreciated by, the people."

Going down to the House.

*Business done.*—Battling round Budget Bill; sat all night, and far into morning.

*Tuesday.*—CADOGAN in good time at House of Lords to-day. DENMAN got first place with Motion for Second Reading of his Bill extending Municipal Franchise in Ireland. CADOGAN to move rejection of Measure in name of Government.

"I must be firm," he said, as he turned up his trousers over his white spats. "DENMAN a terrible fellow when he's roused."

House pretty full when DENMAN appeared at table in position of Leader of Opposition. An ordinary Member not connected with either present or late Government, usually speaks from Bench on which he is accustomed to sit. DENMAN preferred conveniences of table. Most interesting speech, what could be heard of it. Good deal about Sir ROBERT PEEL; occasional reference to PALMERSTON; some reminiscences of early journey in railway-carriage in STEPHENSON's time; a passing remark as to the weather, and probable state of the crops on this day six months. But, as CADOGAN subsequently remarked, nothing whatever about the Bill. Lords in an awkward position. Had the scene been in the Commons, and the elderly grey-haired gentleman at the table been merely returned by a constituency, the case would have been different. Might have been howled down in a few moments. But with a Peer of the Realm, a hereditary legislator, a personage whose vote might in certain conceivable circumstances suffice to throw out a Bill which had received sanction of House of Commons, it is, as GRANVILLE says, *une autre paire de manches*. If anyone whispered that DENMAN had a tile off, whither would the admission lead us? A Peer is a man—or rather, a Being—of a special, superlative order. Admitted within that order, he becomes, *ipso facto*, a person of extraordinary intelligence, keen intellect, ripe judgment, irreproachable character.

A little awkward that DENMAN should seem to be rambling. If he were a Commoner, might even be called incoherent. Being a Peer, some forty or fifty other Peers sat through twenty minutes with polite assumption of listening. But there is a substratum of human nature even in the Peerage. When DENMAN, *à propos* of the Municipal Franchise in Ireland, began to talk about COLUMBUS's egg, there was a murmur of impatience; when he slid into the Panama Canal the murmur grew to a shout. Awhile, amid stormy cries for the Division, the House of Lords resembled the House of Commons.

After brief struggle with unwonted elements, DENMAN resumed seat; Bill thrown out, and with regained equanimity noble Lords turned to next business. To their horror, DENMAN up again at table; forgotten to mention a particular circumstance connected with COLUMBUS's egg. "Perhaps their Lordships——" But this too much. At whatever risk to Peerage as a body, DENMAN must be shouted down. So they roared at him with cries of "Order!" he standing regarding them with looks of pained surprise. Was it possible they declined to hear more about COLUMBUS's egg? "Order! Order!" they roared, BATH leading the onslaught.

"It is you, my Lords, who are disorderly," said DENMAN, and with head erect, and tall figure carried with pathetic dignity, he strode back to Cross Benches, and sat down in seat of PRINCE OF WALES.

*Business done.*—Budget Bill in Commons.

*Thursday.*—All the blood of his great predecessor in spoliation, HENRY THE EIGHTH, just now swelled in the bosom of JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON. Prince ARTHUR responsible for the flood. Question about meeting announced to be held in Mid-Tipperary next Sunday. Prince ARTHUR has, it seems, prohibited it. JOHN MORLEY wants to know why? There was, he says, public meeting held in same place last month, addressed by English Members; that not proclaimed. What was the difference between meeting addressed by Irish Members, and another by English Members, that one should be taken and the other left?

"The difference is," said Prince ARTHUR, speaking with embarrassed air, as if the distinction was dragged out of him, "that the result of the meeting addressed by Irish Members was to produce intimidation, whilst the result of the other was, I should say, *nil*."

Pease (with Honour).

If JAMES STUART ALLANSON TUDOR PICTON had only lived in the times of his great predecessor, and wielded his power, Prince ARTHUR would forthwith have been conducted to Tower Hill, and shortened by a head. Why he (JAMES, &c.) was at this meeting at Mid-Tipperary last month! He, standing on a butter-tub, had addressed the men of Tipperary; the echo of his eloquence still filled the dales, whilst the hills reverberated with the cheers of the men of Tipperary. For this insolent hireling of a Coercionist Government to speak in tones of studied slight of such a demonstration was more than J. S. A. T. P. could stand. If our two giants, JOHN O'CONNOR and HENRY PEASE had not joined hands and held him back, gore would have sprinkled the precincts of the Treasury Bench. As it was, the subject dropped, and House proceeded to discuss Budget Bill.

*Business done.*—A good lead.

*Friday.*—House adjourned for holidays. "When we come back," says OLD MORALITY, "we must really begin work. Playtime up to now; left most of the work over; must buckle to. We've been in some danger, and there may be more ahead. Why are persons sometimes killed by leaning over beer-vats? Because vats, when beer has been made, contain large quantities of carbonic acid gas, produced by the vinous fermentation of the beer; and when a man incautiously leans over a beer-vat and inhales the carbonic acid, he is killed thereby. It is, of course, not quite the same in respect of

spirits. Still, when a Chancellor of Exchequer has clapped on sixpence a gallon on whiskey, it is as well for his colleagues to avoid looking a Scotch hogshead or an Irish puncheon in the face. *Au plaisir, cher* TOBY. Come along, JACKSON!"

The two Right Honourables go off together, JACKSON evidently turning over in his mind OLD MORALITY's observations on the beer-vat.

"A wonderful man," he says, "his mind stored with odd bits of information, which he draws upon for enlightenment upon ordinary events of daily life. Don't exactly see, though, how he rolled in that beer-vat. Must think it over during the Recess."

Everyone glad to hail JACKSON "Right Honourable." A proud title, as yet not spoiled by indiscriminate distribution. Suffices for GLADSTONE, as it did for PEEL; suits JACKSON exactly.

*Business done.*—Winding up for Whitsuntide. Adjourn for holidays till Monday, June 2nd.

## THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

*From the Note-book of Mr. Pips Senior.—Monday, May* 19.—To the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. First night of the Season. The house infinite full, and the Prince of WALES and the Princess, and the Princesses their daughters, there in a box, pretty to see. DRURIOLANUS OPERATICUS ET COUNTICOUNCILLARIUS mightily pleased at what I hear is the biggest subscription to this class of entertainment ever known. Many fine faces here to-day. The sight of the ladies exceeding noble. A new wench, Mlle. NUOVINA, to sing for the first time, taking the part of *Marguérite* in the Opera of *Faust*, which she did prettily and quietly. Curious to see a *Marguérite* with jet-black hair and a white face; yet comely and with much grace.

"Harmony in Black and White."

Everyone extraordinarily content with Mons. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, the best *Faust* that did ever sing and play this part. But vexed to see one M. ORME DARRALL act *Mephistopheles* in the room of EDOUARD DE RESZKÉ, who, poor man, is sick. The scenes and the chorus all very fine indeed. All of us pretty merry at the droll mimicry of Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Martha*, who makes this part go most rarely.

Pleased to see Madame SCALCHI dressed as a boy for the part of *Siebel*. The house mightily content, and wishing her to sing one song twice over, which she would not. In which matter she did wisely, as also the others.

Went out before the last Act began, to find it raining heavily, and, good lack! not a *Commissionnaire* to be met with for a quarter of an hour. Whereat mightily troubled to get a coach, till one did fetch me a four-wheeler, which I entered, in great disorder, after much strife and contention. Cost me sixpence. To RULE'S, in Maiden Lane, being mighty thirsty, where had supper on excellent lobster and fresh salad, with eggs of the plover, and a draught of the best stout, which did much content me. Comes young SILLIGREW, who makes merry about "sticking to Rules for supper and no exception," or some such nonsense, which I have forgot, though we laughed heartily at his manner of saying it. Drank to the success of the Italian Opera and of DRURIOLANUS. After paying the reckoning, took cab, and so home to bed.

*From Note-book of Mr. Pips Junior.—Tuesday.*—PIPS Senior doesn't go to Opera to-night. PIPS Junior does. Think PIPS Senior, as an Admiralty official, will be at the Court Ball with Madame PIPS. Glad, therefore, to take his stall at the Opera. *Carmen* always delightful. Tuneful, melodious, and bright. Good Bizet-ness. Mlle. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN as *Carmen* mighty difficult to beat, and she sings and plays the part with all the diabolical waywardness of this impudent Spanish baggage, as PIPS Senior would call her. Pity that MAGGIE MCINTYRE is indisposed to play *Michaela;* she used to do it so prettily and so innocently that she shone out as just the very contrast intended by the author. Instead of MAGGIE, Mlle. COLOMBATI sings the part to-night. She is very graciously received, as is also Signor FERNANDO VALERO (from several Opera Houses abroad) who makes his *début* here as that vacillating tenor, DON JOSÉ. Clever Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as frisky *Frasquita*, and Mlle. LONGHI as *Mercedes*, both excellent Bohemian Girls. To see them going nap was a treat! Which wins? One excellent Irish-Italian, DAN DRADY, as the *Toréador*, first-rate. What a song it is! *Encores* refused all round, of course. In spite of State Ball, House very nearly as full as on first night. Brilliant effect of some ladies who are "going on," and who can't of course "go on anyhow," but are obliged to appear in their diamonds.

Pretty to see little Mlle. PALLADINO dancing. Very short life and a merry one has the *première danseuse* in this Opera. Just a few steps, and then she "steps it," and is not seen again. There is too little of PALLADINO at any time, and in this case, as she only comes on for five minutes at the commencement of Act II., and then "*bon soir!*" she may be described as "Small and Early."

*Thursday.—Rentrée* of Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL as *Leila* in BIZET's *I Pescatori di Perle*, another version of *The Diversions of Purley*, a work now more or less forgotten. Signor VALERO better as *Nadir* (isn't this the name of a well-known photographer?) than as *Don José*. Not unlike the lamented GAYARRE. The more like he can become to that tenor the better. M. DUFRICHE came from Madrid to play *Zuniga*. A long journey; almost sorry he gave himself the trouble, but there's more than this for him to do. Lovely finish to First Act, but after that the Opera is not a stirring one, the story being so idiotically undramatic. ELLA fresher than ever.

*Friday.—Lohengrin.* Wagnerian worshippers in their thousands. What shall she do who comes after ALBANI in the part of *Elsa?* That is the question, and MAGGIE MCINTYRE supplies the answer, which is Uncommonly well. A sweet picture in a gentle frame of mind, so Macintirely pure and simple. A trying, very trying, part. How grand are the DE RESZKÉS—JEAN and EDOUARD—or more familiarly as we come to know them better, JACK and NED. NED looking well, and singing so too, in spite of recent chill. Warmth of reception to-night would thaw any chill. But what a couple of bores are the characters of *Ortruda* and *Telramondo*, even when superbly played as to-night, by Madame FUNCH-MADI—(the real Mahdi at last!)—and Signor DAN DRADY, bedad! Fortunately the Opera is considerably curtailed, or we should never hear the last of it.

*Saturday.—Il Trovatore.* Great night for "the big, big D",—that is, for "the high D," on which the new tenor, M. RAWNER, alights with a sudden bound that electrifies the house. His "high D" is quite an *Eiffel tour de force*. Henceforth M. RAWNER must be known as "the High D-iddle-diddle" tenor, and His Highness will be expected to sustain his high reputation. Vocal effort almost eclipsed by wonderful physical force, which enables him to burst through the prison walls and bow to audience, who are enthusiastically applauding the *Miserere*. Unfortunately M. RAWNER, being a stranger in these parts, cannot find his way back again, and so is unavoidably prevented from being present at his own execution, which, in his absence, takes place without him. Madame TETRAZZINA—her first appearance here—not so great, perhaps, as she is good and graceful. DAN DRADY and Madame SCALCHI as "per usual," which is the highest praise. End of first week. General satisfaction.

## THE PLEASURE-SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

*Q.* I trust you have had a delightful time recently?

*A.* Indeed I have, with the assistance of Private Views, Special Performances, and Second-rate First Nights.

*Q.* Did you assist at the *première* of *Gretna Green*, the new "Comedy Opera" at the Opéra Comique?

*A.* An Act of it. It had already been played on a previous occasion, when I fancy one of the principal performers, finding that his part was dragging, introduced imitations of popular modern actors. As the period of *Gretna Green* is the eighteenth century, this innovation must have been at once pleasing and appropriate.

*Q.* I think you have also been present at the first performance of the "Wild East," at the Earl's Court Exhibition?

*A.* I have had that advantage, and am now thoroughly conversant with the manners and customs of our lively neighbours in some parts of Africa.

*Q.* Are those manners and customs what may be termed—quaint?

*A.* They are very quaint. Still I am not sure that I have not seen something very like them before. As for the Exhibition itself, there is as little doubt about its being French, as there was about last year's display being Spanish.

*Q.* Have you been to the Flower Show at the Aquarium?

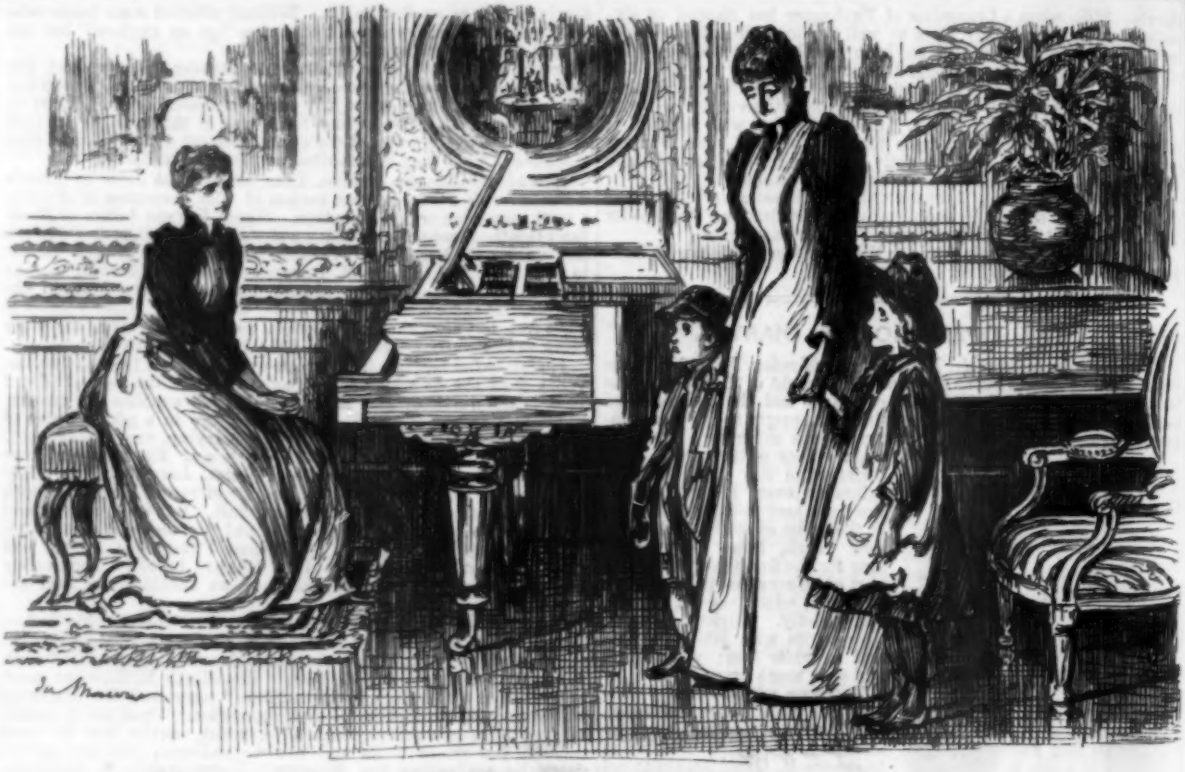
*A.* I have; but did not find that home of scientific research quite so full as it was when the Directors were testing the powers of endurance of the Fasting Man.

*Q.* Do you consider the Westminster Aquarium of material assistance in developing the latent civilisation of the nineteenth century?

*A.* Indeed, I do; especially now that "the Royal Bears" are a feature in the daily programme.

*Q.* Did you pass the Bank Holiday pleasantly?

*A.* When I tell you that I seized the opportunity to go to Calais and back third-class excursion with a number of anti-temperance-movement fellow passengers, you will see at once that the festival must have been to me a source of unmixed enjoyment!



## THE ARGUMENT BY ANALOGY.

*Mariar Ann.* "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL 'OUSE, MISS! WHAT A LOT O' RENT YOU MUST 'AVE TO PAY! I SUPPOSE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN DO PAY RENT?" *Daughter of the House.* "OF COURSE THEY DO."
*Mariar Ann.* "WHAT A DEAL O' TROUBLE YOUR FATHER MUST 'AVE, TO GET IT TOGETHER EVERY WEEK!"

## "COUNTRY AND DUTY."

OLD MORALITY (*in flannels*) *sings*:—

OUF! Free from their "howlings and whinings" awhile,
(Which, as the *Times* tells us, are frightful—are frightful.)
But here Nature smiles, a true Smithian smile,
And the change from the House is delightful—delightful!
A smile which, as GOSCHEN would say, one can *hear*;
A *susurrus* sweeps over the river—the river.
Oh, Henley in May to my heart is as dear
As to Spaniards the gay Guadalquivir—dalquivir!

No doubt they are yelping and yapping like mad;
In such hobbles cantankerous spleen lands—rous spleen lands.
I peacefully sprawl on the turf, and am glad;
The Blue Devils never reach Greenlands—reach Greenlands.
By Jove, they have led me a doose of a life!
Their conduct is sheer criminality—nality.
Here, though, thank Heaven, I'm far from the strife,
Here the wicked won't vex OLD MORALITY—RALITY!

True, 'tisn't for long, a clear week at the most.
They would worry us out of our Whitsuntide—Whitsuntide.
But still we all feel, though I don't want to boast,
Like Park-hacks in paddock, or "tits" untied—"tits" untied.
They mock my wide smile, and my scantness of thatch;
I think, though, in managing skill I am—skill I am,
All things considered, much more than a match
For swaggering, swashing Sir WILLIAM—WILL-I-AM!

Lawks! this *is* lovely! But, SMITHY my lad,
In the midst of Arcadian beauty—an beauty,
You mustn't forget (the reflection is sad)
What is due to your Country and Duty—and Duty.
That's why I have brought down this Holiday Task.
Though slumber-inviting the weather—the weather,
I'll turn my true hands, whilst in sunshine I bask,
To the use of the brush and wash-leather—wash-leather!

It's got a bit rusty from sheer want of use;
Though they tell me I'm promptish at pouncing—at pouncing.
Ah me! E'en an angel comes in for abuse,
Or *me* they would not be denouncing—denouncing.
A crocodile's sure to be down on the Gag,
And HARCOURT's a fair alligator—ligator;
He's awfully wide in the jaw, for a wag,
But *I*'ll tie up the would-be dictator—dictator!

They're out without muzzles, the whole noisy pack,
(I wish some sharp Bobby would run 'em in—run 'em in,)
But *I*'ll be prepared for them when they come back.
The fight for free jaw I have done 'em in—done 'em in.
Good gracious! One's duty to Country and Queen
Cannot be well done, as all know, by a—know, by a
Man amidst yelpings of furious spleen,
Suggestive of sheer hydrophobia—phobia!

And so, whilst *sub tegmine fagi* I sit,
And pass in May sunshine a jolly day—jolly day,
I think I'll just brush up this weapon a bit,
And so make a good use of my holiday—holiday.
They're bound to come back, and if barking they come,
I'll be ready—and willing—to muzzle 'em—muzzle 'em.
Dumb dogs may bite, but when *this* makes 'em dumb,
To bite *us*, I fancy, will puzzle 'em—puzzle 'em!

[*Left smiling and scrubbing.*

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MR. DUNTHORNE of Vigo Street is exhibiting a collection of "Atmospheric Notes," which are not, as Esoteric Buddhists might conclude, missives forwarded by astral current from a Mahatma, but a series of very charming pastels, by Mr. GEORGE HITCHCOCK. They are records of land, sea, and sky effects in Holland, characterised by a poetry and feeling, and a subtlety of colour that give equal pleasure to mind and eye. *Mr. Punch* predicts, that the fortunate possessor of any one of these Notes, will be in no hurry to change it.

# "COUNTRY AND DUTY."

Mr. W. H. S. "IT'S GOT A LITTLE RUSTY,—BUT I'LL HAVE IT READY IN TIME!"

## AN UNKIND SUGGESTION.

*Cabby (who has been paid his legal fare in threepenny bits and coppers).* "WHERE DID YER GET THIS LOT FROM, EH? BEEN A ROBBIN' THE CHILD'S MONEY-BOX!"

## ROBERT AT GUILDHALL.

WELL, if we aint bin and had a fine time of it at Gildhall this last week or two, it's a pitty! What the pore harf-starved County Counsellors must have thort of it all, it isn't for me to say, and how they all felt when the ginerous old Copperashun tossed 'em a few dozzen tickets to skrambel for, when the great Mr. STANLEY came to supper, of course I carnt tell, but them few as I knowed seemed to find their way to my refreshment department as if by hinstinkt. I didn't, of course, hear the grate Traweller's grand speech, but I'm told as my pore namesake, Sir ROBERT FOWLER M.P.'s face was a site to see while he lissened to sitch a descripshun of his Quaker Friends as he probberbly never heard afore.

There was grate complaints made about the want of enuff wittles and drink, but anyone who seed, as I did, the fust rush for 'em by the hungry mob, couldn't have been much surprised at that. Why, I myself seed, with my two estonished eyes, one gent, as I spose he called hisself, take up a hole dish of most lovely Hoyster Pattys, and skoop out all the Hoysters with a spoon, and then return the hemty Pattys from whence they came! Feeling as I couldn't be of no more use after there was nothink left for me to hand to the fresh mob as kept on arriving, I quietly warked off, and made my way to the supper-room, where the hemement Traweller was aswaging the pangs of hunger with reel Turtel Soup and setterer. Ah! what a contrast! Plenty of everythink, and plenty of room to enjoy it.

With that abundant kindness as so distinguishes him, the LORD MARE acshally hintroduced me to the Ero of the Heavening, who kindly shook hands with me, and hoped as how as we shood meet again, which I can quite bleeve if he thinks as it allers includes reel Turtel Soup, and setterer. Rayther different living to what he has bin accustomed to for 3 years parst, pore Feller! They tell me as he as bin to the Mountins of the Moon. Evins! ow did he get back? By balloon. But I don't kwite bleeve horl I eers.

But on the following Friday there wasn't not no xceptions to anythink, and everybody, from the Prince of WALES hisself, down to the werry umblest Postman or Sorter, left that nobel old Hall, estonished, and delited, and appy.

And no wunder, for, by the combined efforts of the hole Copperashun and its werry numerus Staff, and the hole Army of Postmen, and Tellacram Men, and all manner of Sorters, and Stampers, St. Martin's-le-Grand was removed boddily to Gildall, and everything that was ever done in the one place was dun in the other before the estonished eyes of sum two thousand of us, ewen ineludin four-horse Male Coaches, with sacks of letters, and reel Gards with reel Horns, which they blowed most butifully. It was a glorous Jewbelee! I'm that bizzy I hardly noes wich way to turn first, so no more at pressunt from yores trewly,

ROBERT.

### SUGGESTIONS FOR PICTORIAL DIRECTORY.

Regent's Circus.

## OUR NEW DUKE.

AIR — "*The Widdy Malone.*"

DID ye hear of the Duke of ATHLONE?
Ohone!
He's a son of the Heir to the Throne
Full grown.
Of a prince quite a pictur',
Is young ALBERT VICTOR,
Who 'll now as the Duke of ATHLONE
Be known,
He'll be the Great Gun of Athlone!

## A MID-DAY MEAL-LENNIUM.

(*With Salutation to the "Society for the Promotion of Enjoyment during Luncheon Hours, specially in the City."*)

### LUNCHING AS IT IS.

No, I certainly did *not* order Irish Stew; but as you have now brought it, and I have been waiting a quarter of an hour for a cut from the joint, I prefer to take it.

This room is very stuffy and crowded. Is that purple-faced gentleman in the corner suffering from an apoplectic stroke?

No; but *he* has been waiting *half* an hour for the Irish Stew which I have just annexed. He seems angry about it.

Waiter, would you try not to kick my chair and knock the back of my head every time you pass with a dish?

Yes, I know it's a narrow gangway, and that everybody in this dark and confined crib which you call a City Restaurant is cramped for room; still, I *do* object to collisions between my best hat and somebody else's victuals.

Would you mind talking to me in the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet? In this maddening clatter it is impossible to hear a word you say.

That young man three from me is evidently training as the Champion Express Eater of the World. He has got through joint, potatoes, rhubarb tart, and Cheddar cheese in seven minutes, and is now putting on his hat to go.

### AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

Is this spacious airy hall, with a fountain playing in the middle of shrubs, and abundant light coming in through painted windows, really the "Apple-pie Restaurant" in its new form?

And this neat-handed Phyllis, who respectfully awaits my orders as soon as I have taken my very comfortable seat, *can* she be the substitute for the over-worked and distracted City waiter of the past?

I see that especial care is taken to prevent the room being filled with more lunchers than it can hold with comfort to each individual customer, by an apparatus which automatically closes the door when every seat is full.

What! No shooting down of one's plate before one as if fired from a catapult, and no tedious waiting for dishes never ordered! This is a Luncher's Paradise.

It seems possible that I may now escape the dyspepsia which, in the old days, was the unfailing legacy of lunch.

"TOUJOURS 'GAY.'"—On an exit of Mrs. LANGTRY, as *Esther Sandraz*, at the St. James's Theatre:—

"Adieu! she cried, and wav'd her Lily hand."

[How is it that Messrs. Transparent Soap & Co. have never hit on this? Presented gratis.]

FORTHCOMING NEW WORK to be expected in about six weeks' time, *Newton's Principia*, revised and corrected by Mr. JUSTICE CAVE.

## GROSVENOR GEMS. (FIRST VISIT.)

No. 150. The Old Hand teaching "Blind Hookey" to his Young Friends.

No. 26. "Sail or Return."

No. 190. Lottie and Stottie of Oldham.

No. 381. "Sich a gettin' up Stairs!" "How shall we get on to landing of the Gallery from here without a trapèze?"

No. 92. Photography under Difficulties.

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

NOT much time for books this week, says the Baron; just been able to glance at W. S. LILLY's *Right and Wrong*: verdict—so far, all right, nothing wrong. Sharp chapter on journalism—severe, but not unjust. Picked up small book, for which inquire at W. H. SMITH's bookstalls, *Four Thousand Years After*, by HELEN L. CHEVALIER. Baroness having read it, highly recommends it in hot weather, as being a weird, mystical legend, of a soothing and interesting character, commencing a few years before "ADAM delved and EVE span," and finishing in the time of steam yachts; so that it is brought right up to date. It is full of incident and picturesque description. I see Mr. FARJEON has been at it again with the *Mystery of M. Felix*. *Felix*—Happy Thought. Mr. HARRY FURNISS's *Academy Antics* is entertaining reading, and some of the earlier illustrations are quite Gilrayish in their breadth of style, not of subject.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

PHENOMENON IN NATURAL HISTORY (*by an observant Cricketer*).—Obtaining a Duck's Egg from a Bat.

## IN THE KNOW.

*(By Mr. Punch's Own Prophet.)*

EVERY jackass who ever was seen in the pig-skin knows perfectly well, or ought to know, unless his brain has gone barnacle-hunting in one of Mr. J.'s journalistic bum-boats, that a race is to take place at Epsom in the early part of next month. It has been customary to speak of this race as the Derby, and to imagine that the owner whose horse wins it gains possession of the Blue ribbon of the turf. As if, forsooth, in a matter like this, the colour mattered in the very least. But I have a further objection to this hugger-mugger, three-cornered, rag-and-bone, vermilion-faced, grog-blossomed, hash-headed fashion of describing things, and it is this. If a two-year-old, provided with one of MRS. PARTINGTON'S patent range-finding, rectangular brooms, can beat an unbroken four-year-old over the Nose-bag Handicap Course by fourteen shoe-nails in a hundred, how in the name of all that is lop-sided can a three-masted frigate in full sail keep up with a Chinese Junk on Southampton Water? I pause for a reply, but knowing the anserous, venomous imbecility of the vermin who infest the turf, I think it will be a long time before I get one.

*Crimson Jack* is a good horse—no thanks to the puddling and pilfering slop-shop proprietors who manage him. When he used to draw a dust-cart in Grosvenor Square he accustomed himself to the sound of the saddling bell, and now knows when luncheon time has arrived. A year ago, I wouldn't have given a copper shirt-stud for him, never having even heard of him. Now I believe him to be worth even more than the £10 given for him by the Ropes Contingent. But I have got my eye on them, and they know it. The moonealves * * * gruel-brains * * * puddling simpletons * * * muddy and pernicious rascals * * * dolts, dumplings and dunderheads * * * poisonous, pestilential, crawling, goose-faced reptiles * * * rely on it I know. * * *

[There has been no time to send this proof for correction, and it has, therefore, been printed as it was received, gaps and all.—ED. *Punch*.]

A LITTLE PARTY IN EAST AFRICA ONLY GOING TO COLLECT A FEW BUTTERFLIES AND FLOWERS FOR THE DEAR KAISER, THAT IS ALL!!

"We came very near to having Kilima-Njaro attached to the British Empire, only the German Emperor said he would very much like it, because he was so fond of the *flora* and *fauna* of the place . . . Would the English have expected to get any territory on account of their great interest in the *flora* and *fauna* here."—*Stanley speaking at Chamber of Commerce, May* 21.

## WEEK BY WEEK.

*Monday and Tuesday.*—Nothing particular, except meeting Mr. STANLEY.

*Wednesday.*—*Mr. Punch* comes out. General rejoicings.

*Thursday.*—Milk Adulteration Contest at Wormwood Scrubbs. Cat-shooting in Eaton Square commences. Treacle-makers' Company insist on presenting their Bicentenary Gold Medal to Mr. STANLEY.

*Friday.*—Private Eclipse of the Sun, invisible to everybody, except Mr. STANLEY

*Saturday.*—Banquet of the Bargain-Drivers' Benevolent Association. Song by Mr. STANLEY, *Meet me by Moonlight.*

*Sunday.*—Festival of the Five Quires for a Shilling. Everybody in "Go-to-Meeting-STANLEY Costume."

*Monday.*—Afternoon Firework Display at the People's Palace.

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SOME amusement was created at the Anniversary Dinner of the United Crossing-Sweepers' Provident Association, held last night, by the Noble Chairman's reference to his early experiences on a West End crossing. What he saw then had led him to believe, he said, that the lot of one who preserves the boots of the public from mud is not all beer and skittles. He had, however, formed a very exalted idea of the dignity of the calling to which they all belonged. It is, of course, well known that the Noble Earl owed his rise from the position of broom-holder to an opportune legacy from an old lady, whom he saved, at the risk of his own life, from being ground to powder by a runaway costermonger's barrow.

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A Correspondent sends us some interesting notes of meteorological observations during the past month. "I have noticed," he writes, "that under certain atmospheric conditions the streets and pavements of the Metropolis are invariably damp. This phenomenon is generally preceded by the withdrawal of the sun, followed almost immediately by a prevalence of *imber*. After this has lasted for some time, it is usual for the water-carts to make their appearance."

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"A MANCHESTER MOTHER" makes the following pertinent observations on the fashions prevailing amongst men at the present day. "Why," she asks, "should some men prefer boots with buttons, while others like their boots laced? Why again should it be considered right f r some men to wear dark blue overcoats, and for others to wear black? Finally, if a man standing six foot two in his stocking-feet is to a bank holiday as a six-inch collar is to a pork-pie, how comes it that a tartan waistcoat and a pair of green plush trousers cost five shillings and sixpence per square inch?" We confess that we are unable to find answers to these questions.

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Two Policemen were yesterday observed in earnest conversation with a well-known member of the Bermondsey Bull-pup Club. Eventually the three Gentlemen departed for an adjacent police-station, their proceedings forming a subject for animated comment amongst the juvenile population of the neighbourhood.

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Four receptions, six public dinners, five evening parties, and eight dances were given in different parts of London yesterday, "to meet Mr. H. M. STANLEY." We are glad to know that the great explorer maintains his imperturbable good humour.

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IT is computed that the number of pretty women in London this Season is just double of what it was last year.

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### SHORT MATHEMATICAL PAPER.

1. Solve the short equation $(\alpha+\sigma+\sigma+\alpha+\upsilon+\lambda+\tau)\times 2=14$ days.

2. Given log. ·321 and density $\gamma\lambda\upsilon\iota$, how much Port would you deduce from this?

3. Show under what circumstances P'liceman $x^2$ = Two-and-sixpence.

4. What is the probability of two blue eyes becoming black if A, a stranger, wins half-a-crown three times running at a baccarat-table in Tottenham Court Road? Calculate to five places of decimals the chances of A's appearance as prosecutor at Bow Street next morning.

5. Construct a set of Tables showing how the interest increases in a geometrical progression as the principal is paid off. A., a flat, goes to B., a money-lender, to raise £100. A. receives £7 10*s.* 6*d.* in gold; what balance will he receive in grand old sherry and real Havana Bremerhaven cigars?

6. Show how to re-construct a series of Companies (on the square), with a million capital, within two months of formation, in such a way that the Shareholders get nothing, and still remain liable for future calls. Is the root of the above operation to be found in defective legislation?

## THE ART OF BLACKING BOOTS.

Dear Mr. Punch,

You 'll be glad most likely to hear what 's going on in the boot-blackin' world, of which I 'm now a honarery member, havin' bin thirty-five years at it come next Chrismas, and now retired to Camberwell to do the rest of my life easy. Fact is, Sir, there 's a many young 'uns come on, and scarcely sufficient boots for 'em to get a livin out of, more partikler with them new yaller boots, which is pison to the honest boot-black. So thinks I to myself, I've bin polishin' a long time and knows all the tricks of it, why shouldn't I lend a 'and to them as is startin'. I'll write down what I knows myself, and I'll get all the best blackers of the day to tell me what they knows about it, and then I'll set the lot together and get it printed. Fact is, I got put on the job by a feller who come to see me 'tother day—a tidy young sprig, full of all them new notions. Says 'e to me, "Bill," 'e says, "'ow do you walk?" "Why," I say, "on two legs like the rest of 'em; what do you think?" "No," 'e says, "that ain't what I mean, you Juggins" (there 's a pretty word to use to one old enough to be his father); "what is the process you go through in walking?" "Well," I says, "if that 's what you're up to, I mostly puts one foot in front of 'tother, and arterwards brings the back foot forrard and leaves 'tother behind." "Ah," says 'e, "that's jest where you make a bloomin' errer. Your brain sends a message through your nerves, and then you set to work, movin' the extenser mussels and the glutyus maksimus, and there you are." Well, I thought about that a lot, and on the top of it I got 'old of a book called the Art of Authorship, by Mister George Bainton, who 's agoin' to teach everybody 'ow to write things pretty and proper, and make no end of money out of it. Pr'aps, thinks I to myself, there 's more in blackin' boots than meets the eye. I'll write about that on the same plan, gettin' all the fellers I know to 'elp me. Fust, I drew up a lot of questions, and I sent 'em round. Then when the ansers come in I got a young chap, who writes for the *Camberwell Star*, to polish 'em up a bit with grammar and spellin', asking 'im to do it like Mister George Bainton. I've jest dropped in a word or two of my own 'ere and there, to show what I mean. So 'ere they are, Sir, and quite at your servis; and I knows if you prints 'em, there 's many a boot-black unborn, as 'll bless your name, not forgettin',

Yours truely, the Author, Bill the Bootblack.

Introduction.

In putting these notes together, I have been animated solely by the desire to enable those, whom motives of self-interest, or of ambition, or the irresistible impulse of innate genius, may induce to enter upon the profession of blacking, to acquire by living examples of acknowledged ability, a true and genuine perfection in the art. For art it is. Let nobody undertake it lightly. There is no room in the busy throng of ardent blackers for the idler or the fribble. Such men may write books, they cannot black boots. Style is everything, style which colours the boots, roots itself in them, and uplifts them to the highest pinnacle of Art. (N.B.—I took this sentens nearly strait from George Bainton.—*B. the B.*) Therefore, my young friends, study style. Whenever you see a well-blacked boot in the street, in the counting-house, or in the sanctity of home, fix your eyes upon it. Thus you will learn, and may in time black boots as well as I do myself.

(N.B.—George writes the most extronery fine English, I'm told, and o' course 'e wants the young 'uns to do the same. Same with me and the boots.—*B. the B.*)

My first answer is from James Huggins, who as is well-known, polishes the foot-coverings of the innumerable visitors who throng to the Transcontinental Hotel. He says, "you ask me how I acquired my unquestioned ability as a blacker. I answer, 'by constantly studying the best models.' When I was quite a small boy I used to polish all the boots within reach, and I well remember my father humorously remonstrating with me, when he found me blacking an old pair of worsted slippers given him by my mother. There is a method of breathing on some boots and of spitting on others, which can only be acquired by long practice. A large boot with many knobs, is best for a beginner."

Next I addressed my inquiries to George Brewsher, more generally known under his nick-name of Dandy Geordie. No man has a wider reputation. His reply is instructive. "It is useless," he says, "to study models. I tried that, and the result was that I used to black all the patent leathers, and varnish the ordinary ones. So I gave up study and relied upon my own talents. At the present day, nobody in the whole world can put a truer shine on the dampest boot. I scarcely know how I do it. I only know I do it. I always keep my brushes in good order, drink a toothful of gin at bed-time, and never let a single day pass without blacking something."

My next reply was from Lemuel D. Dodge, of New York, a boot-polisher whose delicate and refined style has won him admirers in this country as well as his own. "Character," he observes, "is everything. I always analyse my blacking three times over, and then lay it on thin with a camel's hair-brush. I find this method much more satisfactory and less tiring than the rough and ungainly scrubbing so much in vogue with your English artists."

Miss Sally Pippin, who officiates in The Metropolitan Ladies' Boot Emporium, kindly sends me the following notes. "I have had no education at all. I find it quite useless. All you require is to make a shine. It's as easy as shelling peas. By the way, I always wear my hair brought up at the back. This hint may be useful to intending bootblacks."

(That 's enough for one go, I rayther fancy. There 's lots more o' the same sort all 'ekally valuble, but I mustn't let you have it all at once.—*B. the B.*)

## EARLY GREEN PEAS.

*A Gourmand's Ditty.*

There 's a pleasure in Rhubarb, fresh, early and red,
When it comes with the flush of the newly born year,
There 's a joy in the tasty Asparagus head
That is met with in soup, be it thick,—be it clear!
There 's delight in the oyster; a peace that ne'er fails
In the placid enjoyment the Plover's egg brings,
A sense of calm peace in your nicely cooked quails,
But oh! there 's one dish that will crown all these things;
For what, with such rapture the palate can please
As the first welcome helping of Early Green Peas!

You may bring me Clyde salmon, three shillings the pound,
Red mullet in envelope, done to a turn,
The young spring potatoe, dug fresh from the ground,
The daintiest cream from a Devonshire churn:
You may offer me salad that 's almost divine,
With a chicken so plump it should gladden the heart;
You may say, "Wash that down with the best brands of wine,
And follow it up with young gooseberry tart!"
My reply is but this, "Ah! withhold all of these!
But yield me the rapture of Early Green Peas!"

The Five O'Clock Tea Bonnet Company.—Under the above title a Fashionable Company has been inaugurated by several high-born, but impecunious Ladies, who, importing a model bonnet from Paris, and reproducing it in British materials, with more or less success, hope, by a judicious association of the shop-keeping instinct with the *recherché* gloze of the best social circles, to dispose of their stock to a *clientèle*, consisting of the many toadying and snobbish friends who would be caught by the idea of purchasing their bonnets at an establishment where their orders would be taken by an impoverished Lady of title, and delivered at their residences, possibly, by the daughter of a Baronet or Nobleman, in reduced circumstances. The rooms of the New Company that will be shortly opened at the West End, in the immediate vicinity of Bond Street, though supplied with a counter on which a few of the choicest exhibits of the establishment can be displayed, will be in all other respects furnished after the fashion of a Modern Upper-class May-Fair Drawing-room, to which intending Purchasers will need no voucher of admission beyond that furnished by their own visiting-card, on presentation of which they will be greeted as friends, making an afternoon call, by the Fore-lady, who may be temporarily presiding over the Show-room. Indeed, the key-note to the *raison d'être* of the Five o'Clock Tea Bonnet Company will be found in the happy combination of High-class social intercourse, with a satisfactory adhesion to the principles of ordinary West-End shopkeeping. No special prices will be attached to the articles sold, but they may be regarded on the whole, considering the advantageous social circumstances under which they are established, as generally a little in advance of those asked at the leading Professional West-End Establishments of a similar kind. A generous margin in this direction must, therefore, be looked for in the account. Bills, if required, when contracted by well-known Leaders of Society, may stand over for years, but a very handsome interest will, of course, be expected, in the event of a long-delayed settlement.

Punch and "Judah."—*Mr. P.* defers his criticism on Henry Author Jones's new play at the Shaftesbury . . . until he has gone through the formality of seeing it. From most accounts, it is evidently well worth a visit.

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